VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo,
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

LONDON.
Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison.
1600.

The first edition of Venus and Adonis was printed, I believe, in 1593, it having been entered on the Stationers' Books by ~~John~~ John Harrison Senr in that year. It was likewise entered on the same books, in the pre=ceding year, viz April 18, 1593, by Richard Field, the printer of the earliest edition of Lucrece; perhaps therefore there was an edition in that year.

I have never however met with the first edition of this poem, which I suppose to have been printed, like the Lucrece, in quarto; nor is it mentioned in any Catalogue, ancient or modern, nor as far as I can learn, in any publick Library.

There was an edition of Venus and Adonis in 8vo in 1596, wch was sold at Dr Bernard's Sale in 1698. [See his Catal. Part III. No] but I have never met with it. M.

I have seen it since I wrote the above. It is in the possession of Mr Ths Warton

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offed in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordshp, nor how the worlde will censure me for chusing so strong a proppe, to support so weake a burthen: onlie if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highlie praised & vow to take aduantage of all idle hours till I haue honoured you with some graner labor. But if the first heir of my inuẽtiõ proue deformed, I shal be sory it had so noble a godfather,

& neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harueſt, I leaue it to your Honourable ſurney, and your Honour to your harts content: which I wiſh may alwaies anſwer your own wiſh, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honours in all duety,

William Shakeſpeare.

VE-

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun, with purple coloured face,[1]
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chase:
Hunting he lov'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain vnto him,
And like a bold fac't suter 'gins to wooe him.

Thrice fairer then my selfe (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphes, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doues, or roses are:
Nature that made thee, with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And reigne his proud head to the saddle bowe:[2]
If thou wilt deigne this fauour, for thy meede
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, I'le smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with lothde ſatietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale, with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie.
A Summers day wil ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeiſeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calles it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue to doe a goddeſſe good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie Courſers raine,
Vnder the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſht and pouted in a dull diſdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy.
She red and hote, as coales of glowing fire:
He red for ſhame, but froſtie in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens, (O how quick is loue!)
The Steede is ſtalled vp, and euen now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue.
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

1 anc. 1596. 2 her other. ibid. So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And 'gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeakes, with luſtful language broke,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall neuer open.

He burnes with baſhful ſhame, ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with hir windy ſighs and golden heares,
To fan and blow them dry againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith ſhe is immodeſt, blames hir miſſe,
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſſe.

Euen as an empty Eagle, ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with hir beake on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking hir wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Euen ſo ſhee kiſt his brow, his cheeke, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc't to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in hir face:
Shee feedeth on the ſteame, as on a prey,
And calls it heauenly moiſture, aire of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowrs,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowrs.

1 her 1596. 2 murthers d.
3 feather, d. 4 breatheth. ib.

Looke how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſtned in her armes *Adonis* lies:
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angry eyes.
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflowe the bank.

Still ſhe intreats, and pretily entreates:
For to a prety eare ſhe tunes her tale:
Still is he ſullen, ſtill he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale;
Being red ſhe loues him beſt, and being white,
Her beſt is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, ſhee cannot chuſe but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand ſhe ſweares,
From his ſoft boſome neuer to remoue,
Til hee take truce with hir contending teares,
Which lõg haue raind, making hir cheeks al wet,
And one ſweet kiſſe ſhall pay this coũtleſſe debt.

Vpon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a diue-dapper peering through a w[illegible]
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in
So offers he to giue what ſhe did craue.
But when hir lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

[illegible] 1596.

Neuer did paſſenger in ſummers heat
More thirſt for drinke, thé ſhe for this good turn,
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but helpe ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:
O pittie gan ſhe cry, flint hearted boy,
Tis but a kiſſe I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Euen by the ſtearne and direful God of warre,
Whoſe ſinowie neck in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre:
Yet hath he beene my captiue and my ſlaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue

Ouer my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battred ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learnd to ſport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and ieſt,
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rul'd, I ouerſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine:
Strõg tempered ſteel his ſtrõger ſtrength obeied,
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſtring her that foild the God of fight.

Touch

Touch but my lips with thoſe faire lips of thine,
(Though mine be not ſo faire, yet are they red)
The kiſſe ſhall be thine owne as well as mine,
What ſeeſt thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
Looke in mine eye-bals where thy beauty lies.
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſſe? then winke againe,
And I will winke, ſo ſhall the day ſeeme night.
Loue keepes his reuels where there be but twain:
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight.
Theſe blew veind violets, whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee vnripe; yet maiſt thou well be taſted:
Make vſe of time, let not aduantage ſlippe,
Beauty within it ſelfe ſhould not be waſted.
Fair flowrs, that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelues in little time.

Were I hard fauoured, foule, or wrinkled old,
Ill nurtur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
Oreworn, deſpiſed, rheumaticke and cold,
Thick ſighted, barren, leane, and lacking ioyce,
Then mightſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for
But hauing no defects, why doſt abhor me? (thee:
Thou

1 Rare. 1596. 2 not, ibid. 3 ioyce, ibid.

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey & bright, & quick in turning:
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly growe,
My fleſh is ſoft and plum, my marrow burning:
My ſmooth moiſt hād, were it with thy hād felt,
Would in thy palme diſſolue or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairy, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a nymph, with long diſſheueled heare
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footimg ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this Primroſe banke whereon I lie, (me:
Theſe forceleſſe flowers, like ſturdie trees ſupport
Two ſtrēgthles doues wil draw me through the ſky
Frō morne til night, euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt think it heauy vnto thee?

Is thine owne hart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize loue vpon thy left?
Then wooe thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected
Steale thine own freedome, & complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
And died to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.

1 plumpe, 1596. Torches

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Hearbs for their ſmel, and ſappy plants to beare:
Things growing to thēſelues, are grouthes abuſe.
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty:
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By lawe of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue when thou thy ſelf art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou doeſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſse ſtill is left aliue.

By this, the loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweat.
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſook thē:
And *Tytan* tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide;
So he were like him, and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſprighte,
And with a heauie, darke, diſliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapours, when they blot the skye,
Sowring his cheekes, cries fie, no more of loue,
The ſun doth burne my face, I muſt remoue.

1 growths, 1596. Ay

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) young, and ſo vnkinde!
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon!
I'le ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle winde
Shall coole the heat of this deſcending ſun:
I'le make a ſhadow for thee of my heares.
If they burn too, Ile quench thē with my tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heauē ſhines but warm;
And loe I lie betweene that ſun and thee:
The heat I haue from thence doth little harme.
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth mee,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthlie ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a womans ſonne, and canſt not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind, (kind.
She had not brought forth thee, but died vn-

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my ſuite?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſſe?
Speak, Faire: but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute.
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee again,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie

Fie, liueleſſe picture, cold and ſenſeleſſe ſtone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans cõplexion.
For men wil kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrõg,
Being iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, & now ſhe fain wold ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments breake.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground:
Somtimes her armes infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when from thẽce he ſtruggles to be gone,
She lockes her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I haue hemd thee heere,
Within the circuit of this iuory pale,
I'le be the parke, and thou ſhalt be my deere,
Feede where thou wilt on mountaine or in dale,
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hils be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lie.

Within

Within this limit is reliefe enough,
Sweete bottom graſſe, and high delightful plaine,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from raine:
Then be my deere, ſince I am ſuch a parke,
No dog ſhal rouze thee, though a thouſād bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles, as in diſdaine,
That in each cheek appeares a prettye dimple.
Loue made thoſe hollowes: if himſelf were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not dy.

Theſe louely caues, thoſe round inchaunting pits,
Opend their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Strooke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecōd ſtriking?
Poore Queen of loue, in thine own law forlorn,
To loue a cheeke that ſmiles at thee in ſcorne.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turne? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are don, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, hir obiect will away,
And from hir twining armes doth vrge releaſing.
Pittie ſhe cries, ſome fauour, ſome remorſe:
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, lusty, yong and proude,
Adonis trampling courser doth espie,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs alowde:
The strong neckt steede, being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reigne, & to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his wouen girts he breakes asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he woũds,
Whose hollow wõb resoũds like heauens thunder:
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compast crest now stands on end.
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe,
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiestie and modest pride,
Anone he reares vpright, curvets, and leapes;
As who should say, Lo thus my strength is tried,
2 And thus I do to captiuate the eye
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

scrusheth 1596 2 And [illegible]
this

What recketh he his riders angry stur,
His flattering holla, or his stand I say,
What cares hee now, for curb, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his loue, and nothing else he sees:
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a painter would surpasse the life,
In limming out a wel proportioned steed,
His Arte with natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the liuing should exceede:
So did this horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pase and bone.

Round hooft, short ioynted, fetlocks shag & long,
Broad breft, full eyes small head, and nostrill wide,
High crelt, short ears, straight legs, & passing strog
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And where he run or fly they know not whether.
For through his mane & taile the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who waue like feathred wings.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She answeres him as if she knew his minde.
Being proud, as females are, to see him wooe her,
She puts on outward strangenesse, seemes vnkind,
Spurnes at his loue, & scornes the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then like a melancholy male content,
He vales his taile: that, like a falling plume,
Coole shadowe to his melting buttocks lent,
He stampes and bites the poore flyes in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grewe kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His testie master goeth about to take him,
When lo, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there:
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crowes, that striue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chasing, downe *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boysterous and vnruly beast;
And now the happye season once more fits
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest;
For louers say, the heart hath trebble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the tong.

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtaide,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words loues fire doth aſſwage:
But when the hearts Atturney once is mute,
The clyent breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glowe;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angry browe,
Lookes on the dul earth with diſturbed mind:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nie,
For all aſcance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to veiwe
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the ſkie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowelie louer downe ſhe kneels,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheekes feeles:
His tender cheekes receiues her ſoft hands print:
As apt as new fallen ſnow takes any dint.

1 cheek 1596. Bij 2 cheeks 1616.

Oh what a war of lookes was then between them!
Her eies petitioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eies ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeen them,
Her eies wood ſtill, his eyes diſdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A Lilly priſond in a gaile of ſnowe,
Or Iuory in an Alablaſter band,
So white a friend ingirts ſo white a foe:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shew'd like two ſiluer doues that ſit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began,
O faireſt mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and *I* a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound:
For one ſweet looke thy help I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure (thee.
Giue me my hād (ſaith he) why doſt thou feele it?
Giue me my heart (ſaith ſhe) & thou ſhalt haue it.
O giue it me, leaſt thy hard hart do ſteele it,
And being ſteeld, ſoft ſighs can neuer graue it:
Then loues deepe groanes I neuer ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* hart hath made mine hard.

For

For ſhame he cryes, let goe, and let me goe,
My daies delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone.
For all my minde, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replyes; Thy Palfrey, as he ſhold,
Welcomes the warme approach of ſweet deſire.
Affection is a coale that muſt be cool'd,
Elſe ſuffred, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The ſea hath boũds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therfore no maruel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood tyed to a tree, 2
Seruilely maiſtred with a leathern raine!
But when he ſaw his loue, his youthes faire fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdaine,
Throwing the baſe thong frõ his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breſt.

Who ſees 1 his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheetes a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aime at like delight?
Who is ſo faint, that dares not be ſo bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

1 seches, 1596.

 2 ~~[illegible]~~ Let the tree.

Let me excuſe thy courſer gentle boy,
And learne of him, I hartily beſeech thee,
To take aduantage on preſented ioy, (thee,
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue: the leſſon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnleſſe it be a Boare, and then I chaſe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to diſgrace it.
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughes, & weeps, & all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment ſhapeleſſe and vnfiniſht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put foorth?
If ſpringing things be any iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Looſeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleſſe chat,
Remoue your ſiege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarme it will not ope the gate:
Diſmiſſe your vows, your fained tears, your flattry:
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.

What

What, canſt thou talk (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tong?
O would thou hadſt not, or I had no hearing.
Thy mermaids voice hath done me double wrog:
I had my load before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heauenly tune harſh ſounding,
Earths deepe ſweete muſicke, & hearts deepe ſore (wounding.
Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue
That inward beautie and inuiſible.
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue,
Each part in me, that were but ſenſible.
Though neither eyes nor eares, to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſenſe of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be ſtill as much.
For from the ſtrillitorie of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by (ſmelling.
But oh what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other foure!
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpicion double locke the doore?
Leaſt iealouſie, that ſoure vnwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in, diſturbe the feaſt.

Once more the ruby-coloured portal opend,
Which to his ſpeech did hony paſſage yeelde.
Like a red morn that euer yet betokend
Wracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to ſheepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Guſt and foule flawes to heardmen & to herdes.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the woolfe doth grinne before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning ſtrooke her, ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe.
For lookes kil loue, and loue by looks reuiueth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed bankerout that by loue ſo thriueth:
The ſilly boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, til clapping makes it red,

And in a mazebrake of his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her:
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent:
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlaine,
Til his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He béds her fingers, holds her pulſes hard.
He chafes her lips, a thouſand waies he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his vnkindnes mard:
He kiſſes her, and ſhe, by her good wil,
Wil neuer riſe, ſo he wil kiſſe her ſtil.

The night of ſorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly ſhe vpheaueth,
Like the faire ſun, when in his freſh array,
He cheers the morne, & al the world relieueth:
And as the bright ſunne glorifies the ſkie,
So is her face illumin'd with her eie.

Whoſe beames vpon his haireleſſe face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed al their ſhine:
Were neuer foure ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine. (light,
But hirs, which through the cryſtal tears gaue
Shone like the Moone in water ſeene by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liu'd: and life was deaths annoy:
But now I di'd, and death was liuelie ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe.
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcorneful tricks, & ſuch diſdain,
That they haue murdred this poore hart of mine:
And theſe mine eies, true leaders to their queene,
But for thy pittious lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare;
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, & vſe good dealing:
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leaſure one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes vnto thee?
Are they not quickly tolde, and quickly gone?
Say for non paiment that the debt ſhold double,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble;

Touches 1596.

Faire Queene(quoth he)if any loue you owe mee,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares.
Before I know my ſelfe,ſeeke not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne frie forbeares.
The mellow plum doth fal,the green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt,is ſowre to taſt.

Looke,the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His daies hot taske hath ended in the Weſt,
The owle(nights herald)ſhreeks,tis very late,
The ſheepe are gone to fold,birds to their neſt,
The cole-black clouds that ſhadow heaués light,
Doe ſummon vs to part and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night,and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo,you ſhall haue a kiſſe.
Good night(quoth ſhe)and ere he ſayes adue,
The hony fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes doe lend his neck a ſweet embrace,
Incorporat thé they ſeeme, face grows to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioynd,and backward drew
The heauenly moyſture,that ſweet corall mouth,
Whoſe precious taſte, her thirſty lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfet,yet complaine on droughth.
He with her plenty preſt,ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd,fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yeelding prey,
And glutton-like she feedes, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth.
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hy
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoyle,
With blindfold fury she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her bloud doth boile,
And careless lust sturres vp a desperate courage:
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wrack.

Hot, faint, & wearie, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd with to much hãdling
Or as the fleet foot Roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant stild with dandling,
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
Whiles she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impression?
Things out of hope, are cõpast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceedes cõmission:
Affection faints not like a pale fac't coward,
But thé wooes best, whé most his choise is froward.

1 the 1596.

When

When he did frown, ô had she than gaue ouer,
Such Nectar frõ his lips she had not suckt.
Fowle words and frownes must not repell a louer.
What though the rose haue pricks, yet is it pluckt:
Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast:
Yet loue breaks through, & picks thẽ all at last.

For pittie now she can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praies her that hee may depart:
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart:
The which by *Cupids* boaw she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweete boy, she saies, this night I'le waste in sorrow:
For my sick heart commands mine eies to watch.
Tell me loues master, shall we meete to morrow?
Say, shall we, shal we, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow hee intends,
To hunt the boar with certaine of his frinds.

The Boare (quoth she) whereat a suddaine pale,
Like lawne being spred vpon the blushing rose,
Vsurpes her cheecks, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking armes she throwes,
She sinketh downe stil hanging on his necke,
He on her bellie fals, she on her backe.

1 prickes 1596 — 2 plucke Now
2 checke ibid — ibid.

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hote incounter:
All is imaginarie she doth prooue,
He wil not manage her, although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elizium*, and to lack her ioy.

Euen so poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Doe surfet by the eye, and pine the mawe:
Euen so she languisheth in hermishappes,
As those poore birds, that helpless berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seekes to kindle with continual kissing.

But al in vaine, good Queene, it wil not be,
She hath assayd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd:
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me goe,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this
But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt the boare.
O be aduis'd, thou knowest not what it is,
With Iauelines point a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes neuer sheath'd hee whetteth stil,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kil.

On

On his bowe backe, he hath a battell set,
Of briſtly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eies like glowe-worms ſhine whē he doth fret,
His ſnowt digs ſepulchres where ere he goes,
Being mou'd, hee ſtrikes what ere is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proofe thē thy ſpeares point can enter,
His ſhort thick neck can not be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the lion he will venter,
The thornie brambles and embracing buſhes,
As feareful of him, part, through whō he ruſhes.

Alas, he nought eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eie paies tributary gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtall eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amaſes:
But hauing thee at vantage (wonderous dread!)
Wold root theſe beauties, as he roots the mead.

O let him keepe his loathſome cabin ſtil:
Beauty hath naught to do with ſuch foule fiendes.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counſel of their friēds.
Whē thou didſt name the boar, not to deſſēble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

1 naught 1596 2 eyes ibid Didſt

Didſt thou not marke my face, was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurk in mine eie?
Grewe I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beates, & takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For wher loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie
Doth call himſelfe affections Centinel,
Giues falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth cry, kill, kil,
Diſtempering gentle loue with his deſire.
As aire and water doth abate the fire.

This ſoure informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carry tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſõtims true newes, ſomtime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare:

And more then ſo preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrye chafing Boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thy ſelf, all ſtaind with goare:
Whoſe bloud vpon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make thẽ droop with griefe & hãg the hed.

What

What ſhould I doe ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boare to morrowe.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruld by me,
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the fox which liues by ſubtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare,
Purſue theſe fearfull creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well breath'd horſe keep with thy hounds.
And when thou haſt on foot the purblind Hare,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouerſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes.

Somtime he runs among the flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſomtime where earth-deluing conies keepe,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell,
And ſomtime forteth with a heard of deere,
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waits on feare.

1596.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſſing their clamorous cry ,til they haue ſingled
With much adoo the cold fault cleanly out,
Thē doo they ſpend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this, poore Wat far off vpon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier his weary legges doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
For miſery is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe.
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike thy ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo:
For loue can comment vpon euery wo.

Where

Where did I leaue? No matter where (quoth hee)
Leaue me, and then the ſtory aptly ends,
The night is ſpent: why what of that (quoth ſhee?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis dark, and going *I* ſhal fal.
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of al.

But if thou fal, oh, then imagine this.
The earth, in loue with thee thy footing trips,
And al is but to rob thee of a kiſſe.
Rich preys make rich men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Diane* clowdie and forlorne,
Leaſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and dy forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Til forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds frō heauen that were diuine,
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee in hie heauēs deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of Nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubiect to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchaunces, and much miſery.

As burning feauers, agues, pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating ſickneſſe, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breedes by heating of the bloud:
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe & damnd deſpaire,
Sweare natures death for framing thee ſo faire.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes light brings beauty vnder:
Both fauour, ſauour, hew, and qualities,
Whereat th'imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd and done,
As mountaine ſnow melts, with the midday ſun.

Therefore, deſpight of fruitleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking Veſtals, and ſelfe louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breede a ſcarſity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſonnes,
Be prodigall: the lampe, that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a ſwallowing graue,
Seeming to bury that poſteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue
If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcuritie?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

1 imparted 1596. So
2 light. ibid 3 dark ibid

So in thy ſelfe thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuil home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperate hãds thẽſelues do ſlay,
Or butchers fire, that reaues his ſonne of life.
Foule cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets,

Nay then quoth (*Adon*) you wil fal againe
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſse I gaue you is beſtowd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
For by this black fac't night, deſires foule nourſh,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If loue haue lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And euery tongue more moouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaides ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there;

Leaſt the deceiuing harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt:
No Lady, no: my heart longs not to groane,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

1 butcher sire 1595.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reprooue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth vſito danger.
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends imbracements vnto euery ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe: ô ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawde to luſts abuſe.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name:
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, & ſoone bereaues,
As caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine:
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne.
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine.
Luſts winter comes, ere ſummer halfe be done.
Loue ſurfets not: luſt like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth: luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell: but more I dare not ſay.
The text is old, the Orator too greene.
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teene:
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne themſelues for hauing ſo offended.

With

1 or to 1598

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet imbrace
Of thoſe faire armes which boũd him to her breſt,
And homeward through the darke lawnes runs a-
Leaues loue vpon her back deeply diſtreſt. (paſe,
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye:

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waues wil haue him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſſe and pitchy night
Fold in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware
Hath dropt a pretious iewell in the floud,
Or 'ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart: whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues, as ſeeming trobled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paſſion, on paſſion, deeply is redoubled:
Ay me ſhe cries, and twentie times woe, woe,
And twenty ecchoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes youg men thrall & old mẽ dote,
How loue is wiſe in follie, fooliſh witty:
Her heauy anthеme ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the quire of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and outwore the night.
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort.
If pleaſ'd themſelues, others they think delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites,
Like ſhrill tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits:
She ſaid tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Loe heere the gentle Larke, wearie of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſun ariſeth in his Maieſtie:
Who doth the world ſo glorioufly behold,
That Cedar tops and hils ſeeme burniſht gould.

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow;
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
Frō whom each lamp & ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſon, that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a myrtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue,
She harkens for his hounds and for his horne:
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And al in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the crie.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay:
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feede her fawne hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his way,
The fear wherof doth make him ſhake & ſhudder:
Euen ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appalles her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confoundes.

For

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion proud:
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloude:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all straine curt'sie who shal cope him first.

This dismall cry rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart:
Who ouercome by doubt and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weakenesse nums each feeling part:
Like souldiers when their captaine once doth yeeld,
They basely fly, & dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses sore dismaide,
She tels him tis a causelesse phantasie,
And childish error that they are afraid, (more,
Bids them leaue quaking, bids them feare no
And with that word she spi'd the hunted boare.

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud being mingled both togither,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes bear her a thouſand waies,
She treads the path that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſte is mated with delaies,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And askes the wearie catife for his maſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venim'd ſores the only ſoueraigne plaſter,
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcouling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with houling.

When he had ceaſt his il reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouthd mourner black and grim
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another anſwere him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the groũd below,
Shaking their ſcratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, ſignes and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eies they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies:
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes drawes vp her breath,
And ſighing it againe, exclames on death.

1. 2. naught 1596

Hard

Hard fauoured tyrant, vglie, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides ſhe death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earths worm what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty and to ſteale his breath? (meane,
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmel to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no: it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O yes, it may: thou haſt no eies to ſee.
But hatefully at randome doſt thou hit.
Thy marke is feeble age: but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aime and cleaues an infants harte.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then hee had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies wil curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower.
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths Ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.
(weeping?
Doeſt thou drink teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch
What may a heauy grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt, into eternal ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught al other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruind with thy rigour.

Here ouercome, as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eyelids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The cryſtall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
In the ſweet channel of her boſome dropt: (rain,
But through the floud gates breaks the ſiluer
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes and teares did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeene in her teares, teares in her eye,
Both cryſtals, wher they viewd each others ſorow,
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to drie:
But like a ſtormie day, now wind now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks, teares make thē wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriuing which ſhould beſt become her griefe:
All entertaind, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euery preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe:
But none is beſt: then ioyne they all together,
Like many cloudes cōſulting for foule weather.

By this, far off, ſhe heares ſome huntſman hollow:[2]
A nurſes ſong nere pleaſ'd her babe ſo well.
The dry imagination, ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell.
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voyce.

1 the 1596. 2 hallow ibi. Whereat
3 dire, ibid.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearles in glaſſe:
Yet ſometime fals an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts: as ſcorning it ſhould paſſe
To waſhe the foule face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue, how ſtrange it ſeemes
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous!
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames,
Deſpaire and hope make thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now ſhe vnweaues the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that cald him all to naught,
Now ſhe ads honour to his hateful name,
She cleepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperial ſupreme of al mortal things.

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet death I did but ieſt:
Yet pardon me, *I* felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the Boare that bloudy beaſt,
Which knowes no pittie, but is ſtil ſeuere:
Then gentle ſhadowe (truth *I* muſt confeſs)
I raild on thee, fearing my loues deceaſs.

1 ſometimes. 1599. 2 The, Tis, ibid.
3 imperious, ibid.

Tis not my fault: the boare prouok't my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuisible commander)
Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrõg,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womẽs wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
And that his beauty may the better thriue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes & stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue*, quoth she, how much a foole was *I*,
To be of such a weake and silly mind,
To waile his death who liues and must not dy,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slaine,
And beauty dead, black *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theeues:
Trifles (vnwitnessed with eye, or eare)
Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeues:
Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
Whereat she leapes, that was but late forlorne.

As

As Faulcon to the lure, away she flyes:
The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste vnfortunately spies
The foule Boares conquest on her fair delight.
Which seen, her eyes, as murdred with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrew.

Or as the snaile whose tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep foorth againe:
So at his bloudy view, her eyes are fled
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine:
Who bids them still consort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the hart with looks againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie subiect quakes,
As when the winde, imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earthes foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth mens minds cõfound.
This mutinie each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leape her eyes.

And

And, being opened, threw vnwilling sight
Vpon the wide wound that the Boare had trencht
In his soft flanke: whose wonted lilly white
With purple tears (that his woūd wept) was drēcht
No flower was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed
But stole his bloud, and seem'd with him to bleede.

This solemne sympathy poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
Ske thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly, (three,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seeme
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, wher no breach sholdbe:
His face seems twain, each seuerall lim is doubled.
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tong cannot expresse my griefe for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead:
My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turnd to fire, my heart to lead.
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes, as fire:
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

1 night 1596 2 drenct ibid 3 had, ibid 4 red as fire ibid

Alas poore world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt,
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſicke now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flours are ſweet, their colours freſh & trim:
But true ſweet beauty liu'd, and di'd in him.

Bonnet, or vaile henceforth no creature weare:
Nor ſunne nor wind wil euer ſtriue to kiſſe you:
Hauing no faire to looſe, you need not feare:
The ſun doth ſcorn you, & the wind doth hiſſe you
But when *Adonis* liu'd, ſunne and ſharp ayre
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whoſe brim the gaudy ſunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his lokes, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And ſtraight in pittie of his tender yeares,
They both would ſtriue who firſt ſhould drie his teares.

To ſee his face, the Lion walkt along,
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he wold not fear him:
To recreat himſelfe when he hath ſong,
The Tiger would be tame, and gently heare him:
If he had ſpoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When

1 Lokes. 1596

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils:
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
Would bring him mulberies, & ripe red cherries.
He fed thé with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-ſnouted boare,
Whoſe downward eie ſtil looketh for a graue,
Ne're ſaw the beautious liuery that he wore,
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, & hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there:
And nouſling in his flanke, the louing ſwine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I been tooth'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him, firſt:
But he is dead and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his: the more I am accurſt:
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed bloud.

She looks vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if he heard the wofull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo two lamps, burnt out, in darknes lies:

Two glaſſes, where her ſelfe her ſelfe beheld,
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect:
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That you being dead, the day ſhold yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be waited on with iealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauory end,
Nere ſettled equally, too high or lowe;
That all loues pleaſure ſhal not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraude,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtraw'd,
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the fool to ſpeak.

1 Eares 1596. 2 they ibid. It
3 but, ibid. 4 Bud. and be ibid
5 truest ibid.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the Meaſures,
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enritch the poore with trea-
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſillie milde, (ſures,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, & too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing when it ſeemes moſt iuſt:
Peruerſe it ſhal be, where it ſeems moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne and ſire,
Subiect and ſeruile to all diſcontents,
As drie combuſtious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loue ſhall not enioy:

By this, the boy that by her ſide laie kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purple flower ſprung vp checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheekes & the bloud,
Which in roũd drops vpon their whiteneſſe ſtood.

1 shewes 1596 2 loves ibid. She

She bows her head, the new-ſprõg floure to ſmel,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And ſaies, within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalke and in the breach appears
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe cõpares to tears.

Poor floure (quoth ſhee) this was thy fathers guiſe
(Sweete iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire)
For euery little griefe to wet his eies,
To growe vnto himſelfe was his deſire.
And ſo tis thine: but know it is as good
To wither in my breaſt, as in his bloud.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breſt,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right,
Loe in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing hart ſhal rock thee day and night,
There ſhall not be one minute of an houre,
Wherein I will not kiſſe my ſweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues: by whoſe ſwift aid
Their miſtreſſe Mouted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quicklie is conueid, (Queene
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeene.

FINIS.

1 in 1596

The title page of the edition in 1596 is exactly the same as this, except that at bottom it runs thus:

Imprinted at London by R. H.
for | John Harison |
1596.

It is not said to be the second edition in the title page, and yet I have no doubt that it was.